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# Songs of Cloud and Star

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EDWARD FRANCIS BURNS

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January the Fourteenth

1909







**SONGS OF  
CLOUD AND STAR**

**EDWARD FRANCIS BURNS**



**BOSTON  
THE BALL PUBLISHING COMPANY  
1909**



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*To My Father*  
MICHAEL BURNS

*To My Mother*  
CATHERINE BURNS



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# **SONGS OF CLOUD AND STAR**



## A WOOD VIOLET

**W**EARIED was I seeking good,  
Baffled were my heart's researches,  
When I found you in the wood,  
Hidden by the speckled birches.

Fragile flower and all alone,  
I could then have culled and kissed you;  
Sister flowers would ne'er have known,  
Wood and world would ne'er have missed you.

Choice were mine as there I stood,  
Choice to leave you as I met you,  
Or to take you from your wood,  
Lover-like, and then forget you.



Had I plucked you then and tried,  
Thus to hold you, flower affrighted,  
Soon your petals would have died,  
Even by my fondness blighted.

So I chose the wiser part,  
Chose to leave you where I found you;  
But you followed in my heart,  
With your wood and world around you.

## THE FIREFLY

**F**ROM the depths of wood and grass,  
I can see you, firefly, pass  
To the red rose and the white,  
By your tiny taper light.  
Wherefore, insect chemist, thus,  
With your bit of phosphorus?

Once again you pass me by,  
Sailing to the tree-tops high.  
Like a corner of a star  
Or some glinting dust you are.

Now once more among the flowers  
Saturate with thunder showers;

Water cannot quench your spark,  
Watchman of the fairies' park.  
Ere that one can say your light  
Vanishes, it gloweth bright.  
Wings you have; I've seen them stir;  
Mortal never heard them whir.

There you are with others now,  
A tiara on the brow  
Of yonder hill; then all draw near  
Till the sumach tops appear  
Like a lighted chandelier.

Tiny toiler, not incessant  
Is thy labor phosphorescent;  
I have watched you and have reckoned  
That you rest just once a second;  
Then without a strike you're quick  
To re-light your little wick.

Silent worker, no complaint  
Ever make you of restraint;  
Comes no sad or joyous note  
From your dainty golden throat.  
Yet what profit in the field,  
Firefly, does thy labor yield?

Under the equator's line  
Lives a relative of thine  
By the nightly phosphor shine  
Of whose little lantern glint,  
Man can read the finest print.

Could you answer, you would say,  
"Tell me what is profit, pray,  
Of all labor, night or day?  
Why not ask the polar star  
What his yearly profits are?"

Or its income of the sun?  
Or the moon's since Ajalon?  
O, you egotistic man  
And utilitarian,  
You must be a neophyte  
Not to know the use of light  
Always has been, soon and late,  
Beauty to disseminate.  
Incidental are the crops  
Of the waving, sun-kissed tops  
Where you find for daily need  
Cloth to cover, grain to feed.  
To the Harvester of stars  
In the fields that have no bars,  
Saturn's rings are but a glint  
Of an ingot in a mint;  
Jupiter a phosphor speck

On the universe's deck;  
Galaxies but bits of lace  
On the endless looms of Space!  
What the aim? Ah, Man, confess  
That you know not. Loveliness  
Is the crop which tilling yields  
In those boundless, star-sown fields.  
So to gazers from yon spheres  
All our laboring appears  
Not for housing nor for food,  
Not for any fleeting good,  
Not for dollars, not for cents —  
No mere market recompense;  
But for Beauty unconfined —  
Food and raiment of the mind."

## THE POET OF NATURE'S LOVE SONG

**T**HE South Wind with a message  
To my casement came to-day,—  
Thou art coming, O my Summer, O my Love!  
And my heart bounds out of doors  
To meet thee on the way,—  
Thou art coming, O my Summer, O my Love!

The South Wind with his fingers  
Pushed the draperies apart,—  
Thou art coming, O my Summer, O my Love!  
And he whispered in my ear  
A message for my heart,—  
Thou art coming, O my Summer, O my Love!

The dormant hopes of Winter

Have reblossomed with desire,—

Thou art coming, O my Summer, O my Love!

And the long-hushed aisles of faith

Resound as with a choir,

Thou art coming, O my Summer, O my Love!

Yes, coming, thou art coming,

With the lilacs and the May,—

Thou art coming, O my Summer, O my Love!

And my heart bounds out of doors

To meet thee on the way,—

Thou art coming, O my Summer, O my Love!



## A BOOK AND A BROOK

*Written on a Fly-Leaf of Francis Thompson's  
"New Poems"*

ONE day in winter, two dear friends beside,  
I walked in columned corridors of trees,  
Upon the carpet laid by autumn's breeze,  
When suddenly a little brook I spied.  
In elfin glee, it seemed to run and hide  
In selvages of mint, as if to tease  
To vain pursuit; just like a child that flees  
And leaves for us its laughter as a guide.

Within this book are many rills of song,  
The cadent currents of a poet's pen.

Calm first, but soon precipitously strong,  
They leap, cascade-like, through a fronded glen  
Of words; then, flinging music, dash along,  
To show they scorn the laggard steps of men.

## TWO MEN

### I

**H**E loved his child, and he loved his wife;  
He was fair to the men he hired for pay;  
And he took a serious view of life —  
'Twas a field for work and not for play.

He gave to charities near or far,  
In the name of the Christ who felt the rod;  
But he always worshiped the social bar;  
And yet they said he believed in God.

He kept his pew from the fisher-folk  
And the dust, by the aid of silks, quite free;

But he loved the words that the Master spoke  
To the men with nets by Galilee.

The Golden Rule and St. James he knew,  
Nor could driest of sermons make him nod;  
But his heart was Pharaoh's against a Jew;  
And yet they said he believed in God.

He saw some beauty in wave and flower  
But afraid of his mind, would stay my hand,  
Lest a move by me might offend the Power  
That can fillip spheres like grains of sand.

He never turned from the narrow track  
Which has end like the rest — the graveyard sod;  
But would shun a man if his skin was black;  
And yet they said he believed in God.

## II

His look was shy and he kept apart

From the crowds that he saw along life's way;

But he knew the names of the birds by heart,

And he walked alone in woods to pray.

In piney minsters he heard a choir,

And its beauty his soul could not resist;

And his altar glow was the sunburst fire;

And yet they called him an atheist.

His missal, butterflies' rubric wings

By the hand of the Perfect One illumed;

And his prophecies were the mist-moon rings,

And his saint a wood-bird scarlet-plumed.

He fed the squirrels and winter birds;

And his purse never held with miser fist;

And he loved the music of children's words;  
And yet they called him an atheist.

He knew no caste and was color-blind  
When he shyly beheld a human face;  
And he welcomed light from the humblest mind,  
And he shared joy's throne in humblest place.

He showed no tremor at wind or wave,  
Nor a shudder when Death his eyelids kissed;  
And with tranquil spirit he faced the grave;  
And yet they called him an atheist.

## THE TEA-ROSE

**H**ALF-WITHERED, it is lying there,  
The tea-rose fallen from her hair  
As swept she through the gilded room  
Ablaze with light and floral bloom.

She saw him not. He seized the flower,  
And, heedless of the place and hour,  
Devoutly kissed the petal tips  
As if they were her very lips.

For he for many years was her  
Devoted slave and worshiper;  
And for her image set apart  
A shrine within his boyish heart.

Home from the ball and its excess  
Of tinsel show and gaudiness,  
His poor heart from its abject state,  
Resolved he to emancipate;

He plucked the tea-rose from his breast,  
The tea-rose that his lips had pressed  
With fervent piety before,  
And flung it bruised upon the floor.

O futile hope to heal the pain  
Made sharper by her dear disdain!  
The man who loves a woman knows  
He bruised his heart who bruised the rose!

Remorsefully the rose he took  
For burial within a book —  
The Holy Book between whose leaves  
The garnered ages lie in sheaves.



Now, poor, dead rose! thy leaves are pent  
Within a fitting monument.  
Thy faded petals lie upon  
The matchless Song of Solomon!

And while his heart some rest may take  
In such poor rhymes as he can make,  
The petals which he bruised repose  
In pomp beside fair Sharon's rose!

## BLOSSOMS

**I** DID not ask the laggard Spring  
To give the trees a fragrant glow;  
I let the willing Winter bring  
His jeweled buds of frost and snow.

For those who ask for bread alone,  
Impatient for the flower and fruit,  
The sweetest bread is turned to stone,  
And canker gnaws the deepest root.

But they who in the spirit dwell,  
Uncircumscribed by place or time,  
Can see the desert bloom a dell,  
Can gather fruit in any clime.

## THE CLOUD AND THE STAR

**A** SAD cloud sailed for a star one night,  
O star! star! star!

Long had the lone cloud sighed for the light,  
Afar! far! far!

So near he drew to the loved star's flame,  
So near! near! near!

That he felt her heart, and the cloud became  
A tear! tear! tear!

A tear of joy on her cheek to lie  
O there! there! there!

Highest of thrones in all the sky,  
For'er! e'er! e'er!

Who was the star, and the lone cloud, who,  
That met in the poet's sky?

Dear love! the shining star was you,  
And the longing cloud was I.

TO ELLA

*With a Copy of Tennyson's "Tiresias and Other  
Poems."*

**I**NQUISITIVE Tiresias, who saw  
Minerva in an olive-arbores pool,  
Was stricken blind, to vindicate the law  
By Saturn made to teach the Theban fool.

Warned by his fate, I seek not nymph or sprite,  
Or Pallas come full-armed from Jove's own  
brain;

Content a mortal should mine eyes delight,  
Content a mortal should allay my pain.

Poor, blind Tiresias, couldst thou have met  
A mortal met by me in godless days,

Thy questing soul, one glimpse of her to get,  
Had burst to light through all the darkened  
maze!

Dear wife, when first I touched thy garment's hem,  
Blurred was the world before my misted eyes;  
But when I felt your sweetest kiss on them,  
I saw the sunlit hills of Paradise!

## KING COAL

**I** AM the king of strife and calm —  
Now a whistle and now a moan —  
I have seized the scepter and torn the palm  
From the Wind on his bauble throne.  
My pipe in his face I boldly puff  
Till his rage my soul inspires,  
And I draw him down, and his cries I drown  
In the glee of a billion fires!

O, I am king of the land and sea,  
King of the field and foam,  
King of the mountain, vale and lea,  
King of the hearth and home!

Heir of the lordly limbs and leaves —  
Now a whistle and now a moan —  
And my sires up-garnered in mammoth sheaves,  
On the floors of the world were strown.  
Yet up through the starless roofs I come  
And the sentry breezes quail,  
And the furnace-glow is the flag I throw  
In the teeth of the howling gale!

O, I am king of the land and sea,  
King of the field and foam,  
King of the mountain, vale and lea,  
King of the hearth and home!

Tears for the straining sail and sheet —  
Now a whistle and now a moan —  
As the waves ride over the fated fleet  
At the whim of the wild Wind blown.

But cheers for the million-muscled oars  
That I make from drops of rain;  
For as Coal I am king, and the song I sing  
Is a dirge to the fleet of Spain!

O, I am king of the land and sea,  
King of the field and foam,  
King of the mountain, vale and lea,  
King of the hearth and home!



## THE CHIMNEY FLAG

**F**ROM boat and ship,  
In surge and slip,  
From cot and from mortared crag,  
From fighting line  
In mill and mine,  
All up for the chimney flag!

Banner of wedded dust and dew,  
Color of cloud and cream,  
Fluttering folds of nimbus hue,  
Banner of smoke and steam!

With board heaped high,  
We dare defy  
    Old Want and her pirate rag,  
As we give our thanks  
To the shirtsleeve ranks  
    That fight for the chimney flag!

Banner of hearth and child and wife,  
    Foe of the snob and drone,  
Banner of bread and warmth and life,  
    Flag of the red-blood zone!

## A DECLARATION OF FAITH

**I**F life, after all, is a lottery fair,  
Where some must draw blanks while others  
draw prizes,

What good is our worry or hurry or care,  
Whenever the shadow of trouble arises?

Worry has killed, but never has cured,  
Care brings the crows'-feet, but never the bird-  
song;

And pain is less sharp if it's wisely endured,  
And even a wail may be turned to a word-song.

If life is a voyage according to chart,  
Between a cold pole and a torrid equator,

My Captain, I know, will not harden his heart,  
And leave me marooned on a berg or a crater.

Then hurry and worry and scurry who will,  
The grave-flower to win at the end of life's high-  
way;

True beauty I'll find in the grass by my sill,  
And joy in the bramble I meet in the by-way.

## JUST A SINGER

**J**UST a singer, not a seer,  
Nor a sage with mystic scroll,  
Nor a saint with daring guesses  
At the riddle of the soul;  
But a modest word-musician,  
With his hand upon the keys  
That emancipate the voices  
Of the river and the trees.

And we cheer him and revere him,  
And forget the poet's art,  
In the word-song, like bird-song,  
That rises from his heart.

Not a fiction, nor a fable  
Do the Grecian poets tell  
Of their Orpheus, who was followed  
By the summit and the dell;  
For we know a dear magician,  
With dominion over words,  
Who in Sorrow's bleakest winter  
Brings the blossoms and the birds.

And we laud him and applaud him,  
And forget the poet's art,  
In the word-song, like bird-song,  
That rises from his heart.

There's another, stranger story,  
That the wise to-day deride,  
Of how Orpheus played in Hades,  
And was given back his bride.

Yet I've heard a human singer  
Of the simple songs of truth  
Who can give us back the sunshine  
Of the buried days of youth.

And we cheer him and revere him,  
And forget the poet's art,  
In the word-song, like bird-song,  
That rises from his heart.

## THE LILACS

**L**ILACS nodding o'er the way  
Beckon me from books;  
City lilacs all the day  
Point to inland brooks.

Lilacs, modestly sedate  
'Mid the city's roar,  
Make the Public Garden gate  
Mother's cottage door.

Lilacs waving fragrant tops  
Scent the city marts;  
Men are listless in the shops,  
Maying are their hearts.



Lilacs plucked by loving hands

Bring the sick to-day

Dreams of other lilac lands

And another May.

## INCARNATION

**I** LOOKED for God in great and small;  
I searched for Him in street and wild;  
I sought Him in the starry wall;  
Yet found Him in a little child.

## A MAN WHO THINKS OF OTHERS

J. M.

UNLIKE all other men I've known,  
As brave as he is tender —  
His heart is ever swift to own  
Offended and offender.

To culprit scorned of every eye,  
To bruised and broken lowly,  
His sweetest, strongest feelings fly  
With aid and comfort holy.

And self, to him, a holding seems  
For others' rightful using;  
And he who pardons others, deems  
His own fault past excusing.

Yet not a god-like man is he,  
This friend so brave and tender;  
Nor 'round his brow may poet see  
An aureole of splendor:

A simple man with whom I work  
In field of flower and stubble,  
Who would not one small duty shirk,  
His share of ease to double.

But best of all, this human friend,  
This man so brave and tender,  
His light to you and me can lend,  
Unconscious of its splendor.



## **BALLADS AND LEGENDS**

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ANNA BLACK

*Whose Portrait was in the Old State House at  
Boston.*

**F**OR those who pass the swinging door  
And up the curling stairs,  
Behind are left the city's roar  
And petty business cares.

The stairs are sharply coiled and steep,  
As if the builder's wit  
Had little faith that men could keep  
The path of Holy Writ.

Here once sat legislative power  
And saw the Province grown  
The hardy Massachusetts flower  
By Pilgrim fingers sown.



Here homespun faith and royal might,  
In council side by side,  
Planned Louisburg's immortal fight  
That nettled Bourbon pride.

Here Otis' armored words defied  
The parliament and king;  
Here Adams, speech and pen allied,  
Moved Revolution's spring.

Within this many-windowed room  
Which peace and war adorn,  
Our flag was put upon the loom  
And Freedom's child was born.

And here the child made such a noise,  
For years King George ne'er slept;  
And here the noisy toddler's toys  
Are reverently kept.

And here are Lady Frankland's fan,  
John Hancock's famous quill,  
And blade beloved by boy and man,  
A sword from Bunker Hill.

And here are Franklin's press and bench —  
Rare Ben who could devise  
A scepter from a king to wrench,  
Or lightning from the skies.

The drum that beat at Bunker Hill  
Is hanging on the wall,  
And guns that spoke a nation's will  
Are rusting in the hall.

Yet Memory hovers not above  
War's trophy-laden track,  
But guides me through the lanes of love  
That lead to Anna Black.

From frame that long has lost its glow,  
I see her looking down,  
The girl who five-score years ago  
Was belle of Boston town.

Her ringlets by a ribbon caught,  
Half back, half forward go,  
As if those dark-brown tresses thought  
The corsage cut too low.

Perhaps, with self-confusing haste,  
They saw the coming guest,  
And sought to hide the ruffled waist  
The fickle hours had pressed.

Or else, with rude and restive greed,  
They grew so overbold,  
That o'er her shoulders they would read  
The song her fingers hold.

But sweeter song some loved one learned —

A song that never dies —

As from the printed page she turned

The music of her eyes;

Earth's oldest tune, yet man or boy

Will chase the luring strain

Along the lilled aisle of joy

Or cypress path of pain.

How oft those coy eyes answered "No,"

I leave the wise to guess;

The scanty records merely show

That twice she answered "Yes."

Away the wind of years has swept

All other words she spoke;

And none the long account has kept

Of all the hearts she broke.

To questionings, those eyes of brown  
Reply, " I'd have you know  
That I was belle of Boston town  
A hundred years ago."

So down the stairs, with cautious feet,  
I go, but looking back,  
See stars that light me to the street —  
The eyes of Anna Black.

## THE EMPTY HAND

**T**HE ice had silvered twig and limb,  
The grass was crusted o'er with snow;  
Above the near horizon's rim  
The moon had bent her silver bow.

No bells had welcomed in the morn,  
No carols for the coming light,  
No wassail of the wine and corn,  
No Christmas tree that Christmas night.

Yet even in those prayerful times  
Were some who sighed for English glades,  
Were some who mumbled sinful rhymes  
Of mistletoe and buxom maids.

Those wayward folk, those straying sheep,  
So far forgot the care of souls  
That once at Yule they met to keep  
A kind of Christmas at the Knolls.

Their hostess was an orphan lass,  
But rich in lands and fatted kine,  
Fit toast for any gallant's glass,  
A Pilgrim Portia, I divine.

Free giver to the young and poor,  
She often longed to hear the bells  
That music make for glen and moor,  
Once heard by her in Devon dells.

"God bless her eyes! God bless her hair!"  
Half mumbling, quoth a supple swain,  
"Another maid so good and fair,"  
He sighed, "hath never crossed the main."

To all she gave her Christmas cake  
And many a juicy Christmas tart  
(We call them pies) of English make,  
But unto one she gave her heart.

Rich puddings and sweet jelly rolls  
She served (so gossips told the tale)  
With turkeys raised upon the Knolls  
And pewter mugs of English ale.

Rare trinkets from her native land  
She gave, and gifts her hands had made.  
“God bless her heart! God bless her hand!”  
The blushing swain half thought, half prayed.

’Twas then he heard her call his name.  
“Now what on him will she bestow?”  
The whisper went from dame to dame;  
“Some mittens for his hands, I trow.”



“God bless her for a smile,” he thought,  
“By it would life be blessed or banned.”  
She did not give the smile he sought;  
She gave, instead, her empty hand.

His blushes took a deeper red,  
(The rose had wilted from her cheek)  
The swain, embarrassed, hung his head;  
The gossips were the first to speak.

“He hath his blushes for his thrift,”  
They giggled in their nasal glee;  
“She gave him naught for Christmas gift,  
To shame him in this companee.”

“Hath this hand naught?” the lady said,  
Not to the gossips, but the swain;  
Whereat he slowly raised his head;  
A light was dawning in his brain.

The maiden's open hand he took.

His was no kid-glove clasp, I ween.

With axman's grip the hand he shook;

For he the maiden's gift had seen.

Then looking in the maiden's eyes,

This swain, devoid of courtier's art,

Exclaimed to all the guests' surprise,

“Methinks this hand doth give a heart.

“God bless thee for the gift, say I,

God bless the ship that brought thee o'er;

To shield thine heart from pain I'll try,

A landed lord could do no more.”

The roses to her cheeks returned.

(The gossips said that she was bold);

To spread the tale these goodies burned,

And so I tell the tale they told.

But, fact or fiction interlaid

Within the story I've set down,  
Descendants of the swain and maid  
Are living now in Boston town.

And one of them hath gold in store  
And corner lots of city land;  
And on his lustrous carriage door  
For coat of arms — an empty hand.

## NANTUCKET'S PIPE

**O**LD Nantucket was an Indian chief,  
So the chroniclers say,

And, fond of a smoke,

Among his own folk

He whiffed the hours away.

Nantucket's pipe was a wondrous one,

So the chroniclers tell;

Its bowl was as big

As the hold of a brig

And deep as the deepest well.

One hundred squaws had to fill that pipe,

So the chroniclers say,

And when it was lit  
Nantucket would sit  
And whiff the hours away.

And as he puffed and smoked and whiffed,  
So the chroniclers write,  
The clouds he blew  
Shut the sun from view  
And hid the stars at night.

One hundred years Nantucket smoked,  
So the story ran,  
Yet the bowl was as full  
At the last fresh pull,  
As when Nantucket began.

Before he died, taking his pipe,  
So the chroniclers say,

On a pitch-dark night,  
From a mountain height,  
    He emptied it into the bay.

And from the ashes of that pipe,  
    So the story goes,  
Scattered that night  
From the mountain height,  
    Nantucket island rose.



## PEACE AND WAR





## ONLY A YEAR AGO

**I** SAW the colors waving high,  
Only a year ago;

I saw the men in blue go by,  
Yet never wondered where or why,  
Only a year ago.

But now I pause in the crowded street  
Whenever a man in blue I meet,  
For I've lost a friend whose smile was sweet —  
Sweet to me in shade or shine,  
Sweeter to me than song or wine —  
A friend whose heart kept march with mine,  
Only a year ago.

Beneath the shade of yonder tree,  
Only a year ago,

My friend and soldier sat with me,  
And all was peace on land and sea,  
Only a year ago.

But peace, it seems, is a golden sheath,  
A scabbard that hides the blade beneath,  
And the oak prepares a soldier's wreath —  
Honor, truth and love entwined,  
Beauty and faith and fame combined —  
So short was sight and Hope so kind,  
Only a year ago.

My friend his dearest friend had lost,  
Only a year ago.  
His heart, I know, was tempest-tossed  
When Death the line of living crossed,  
Only a year ago.  
We spoke of Hope and of Death and Grief,

Of Life as the fragile flower or leaf,  
And of Death who garners the grain in sheaf; —  
Grief the cloud of kindly rain,  
Hope, the lord of tears and pain —  
Our saddest song had a glad refrain,  
Only a year ago.

Along the lane of leaves we went,  
Only a year ago.  
Above, the listening branches bent  
Their wealth of fruited hue and scent,  
Only a year ago.

A clasp of hands, no word, no tear,  
A sudden bend in the pathway near,  
And a friend was gone whose smile was dear —  
Dear to me in shade or shine,  
Sweeter to me than song or wine —  
A friend whose heart kept march with mine,  
Only a year ago.

## AMONG THE SOLDIERS' GRAVES

**H**ERE is the garden of the gods!  
The perfect clime

Where rain nor mist of time,  
Nor suns with scorching breath  
Wither the victor's wreath.  
Here every brow is crowned,  
All temples myrtle-bound.  
Here Right forever reigns,  
Joys triumph over pains,  
Hate from each heart is fled,  
And only Wrong is dead.

Here is the garden of the gods!  
Immortal crops

Unfurl their ripened tops;  
But ne'er to sickle yields  
The harvest of these fields.  
And never blighted sheaves,  
And never fallen leaves  
Make autumn evenings sad;  
All days and nights are glad.  
Pan's pipe is never still;  
Even mortals feel its thrill.

Here is the garden of the gods!  
The pilgrim goal  
Of every lofty soul  
That scorns to creep  
Through life to endless sleep;  
Of men and boys who died  
And dying glorified

Anew the deathless name,  
American! and fame  
In language of the May  
The story tells to-day.

Here is the garden of the gods!  
Columbia's own!  
For her the seed was sown  
And watered by her tears.  
Through all the bitter years  
The tillers were not few;  
And as the harvest grew,  
Beside the awful gate  
Where all things mortal wait,  
Columbia stood and said:  
"I'll not forget my dead."

## FOR MEMORIAL DAY

**B**RAVE boys whom drum and bugle called afar  
From beds made smooth by many mothers'  
hands,

Afar to bivouac on the Southland's breast  
Beneath rough blanket cloth — to-day one Mother  
Decks your bed with coverlet of green  
Flower-woven on the silent looms of May!





## BOOKS AND MEN



•  
BOOKS AND MEN

**V**ERY much like men are books;  
Some are light and some are weighty;  
Some have fair or brownish looks,  
Some are dark as skins of Hayti.  
  
Some are merry, some sedate;  
Some are cautious, some are daring;  
Some are friends in every strait —  
Pilots of the grieved heart's faring.  
  
Some are truthful, some are not;  
Of them all you should be wary;  
For they never change a dot;  
Lies or truth, they never vary.

Some are always talking peace,  
Others prate of martial glories;  
Some extol the art of Greece,  
Some delight in ribald stories.

Some are full of wails or fears  
For the present or hereafter;  
Some are filled with jibes or sneers,  
Others full of quips and laughter.

Much like men in race and creed,  
Temper, passion, taste and morals,  
Praising wine or love or greed,  
Quelling strife or picking quarrels.

Some are thin and some are stout,  
Some are only half completed,  
Some their little knowledge shout,  
Some are not at all conceited.

Very much like men, 'tis true,  
Some deluded, some devoted,  
Yet I must admit a few  
Sharp distinctions I have noted.

For whate'er their sect or clime,  
Be they grave or be they funny,  
Spout they prose or mumble rhyme,  
Books will never owe you money.

Nay (*experto crede*), nay!  
For, if sheriffs grip your collar,  
And, poor chap, you cannot pay,  
Books will help you raise a dollar.

Further, if in Dutch or Greek,  
Celtic, German, Tuscan, Latin,  
English, French or Basque, they speak,  
Or the smooth Castilian chat in;

Matters not what speech they use,  
Nor how fast their tongues may canter  
Through their fresh or ancient news,  
You can shut them up instanter.

You can throw them on the floor,  
Or beneath a table heave them,  
Or behind the bookcase door,  
Put them on a shelf and leave them.

Oh, to put upon the shelf  
All who rhyme or reason trample!  
And, beginning with myself,  
Might not be a bad example.

## SHELLEY

SHELLEY lived and Shelley died;  
Such a fate all men attendeth,  
But, it cannot be denied,  
There the marked resemblance endeth.

Rich man's son, the boy was sent  
Off to Oxford, seat of knowledge;  
Showed an atheistic bent,  
For it was expelled from college.

For a boy of eight and ten  
One would think that he was harried  
Quite enough to stagger men;  
He thought otherwise and married.



Lacking funds in coin or scrip,  
    Never once he sighed or sorrowed,  
Simply took a wedding trip  
    On some money that he borrowed;  
  
Said that he would change the world  
    By inditing songs and letters;  
At the church some bolts he hurled,  
    Tried to strike at Erin's fetters;  
  
Soon he fancied that his wife  
    Was not true as wife or mother;  
Thought he'd end domestic strife  
    By eloping with another.  
  
Do not laugh at that, I pray,  
    This is not a comic story;  
On the contrary, I say,  
    'Tis a blot on Shelley's glory.

If you doubt the truth of this,  
Read "Queen Mab's" sweet dedication,  
Shelley's covenant and kiss,  
Pledge and seal and attestation.

Ah, how fond the verses start!  
Weeping? Ah, I see you've read it,  
And can feel for Harriet's heart.  
O that he had never said it!

For I think that every line  
To her heart new wound was giving,  
When, beneath the Serpentine,  
Fled she from the curse of living.

Came it not like mocking dirge,  
Mocking all his high endeavor,  
When, beneath the Spezzian surge,  
Shelley's heart was stilled forever?

What is Shelley's pledge that I  
Must bring forth my grief and show it,  
Though to hide it I should try?  
Shelley is my dearest poet ;

Dearest, though the words he vowed  
Tinge the peerless " Skylark's " gladness,  
While from out his perfect " Cloud "  
Bursts his broken word in sadness ;

Dearest, though the judging years  
Many bards have put above him ;  
Dearest, though some worldly fears  
Chide me when I say I love him.

Friend of all the friendless poor,  
Borrowed he for poorer brothers ;  
He who dwelt upon the moor,  
Left the fertile fields to others.

Life his paradise and hell,  
He had gifts and curses plenty;  
Stumbled he where others fell,  
Worn-out man at nine and twenty.

Spirit of immortal youth,  
Chafing at restraint of duty,  
Seeker of the final truth,  
Dear idolator of beauty!

Shelley lived and Shelley died;  
Do not write "His faults outlive him";  
Write "He dreamed but never lied,"  
And, if 't please you, "God forgive him!"

## LINCOLN LEARNING ARITHMETIC

**H**OW delicately beautiful at night,  
The stars through overarching trees!  
And lovable the homeward-beckoning light  
When through the opening door the lamp's  
heart flutters in the breeze!  
How beautiful the beacons when the seas  
With wild huzzas of storm and wave  
Howl boastfully to battling ship her doom  
Of rock and shoal or watery cave  
Where garlanded are seaweeds for her tomb!  
Have you not sunsets seen that were so rare  
You longed to hymn them to the world?  
Or moon beheld unutterably fair —

Triumphal lantern of the sky for which all  
clouds were furled?

I once a glorious rainbow saw where purled  
The ripples of a village stream

And in the splendid bow all flags I saw  
As woven into one — the dream

Millennial, of Love the bride of Law!

Forever beautiful by day or night

Is fire! yet grander than the blaze  
Of suns magnificent, O searching Light

Of Mind in which the misty ages are as yester-  
days!

And thus to-night o'er city roofs and ways,  
My roused imagination sees

No senate hall, no domed palatial toy,  
But cabin of the rough-hewn trees,

The self-taught college of a prairie boy!

This log-built university can teach

A love of righteousness, a kind

Intolerance, a gracefulness of speech

And skill to shape a nation to the pattern of a  
mind.

This teacher-pupil what has he to bind

His heart to love of truth? What aid

To print his name on Glory's blurless page?

Can charcoal and a wooden spade

Assist to solve the problem of an age?

I see on Abraham Lincoln's old-young face

Aglow by sticks of wood afire,

No signed divine command to free a race

Or weld a broken nation to a patriot's desire.

O embers of that Indiana fire!

Caught Lincoln's soul from you a spark

Of some old seer's candle burning low,

Defiance flickering to the dark?

Or heat from Valley Forge's dying glow?

There Lincoln learns arithmetic, but who

Can tell the sums of legioned men

His word one day shall add to all the true

Who died that human liberty might dwell on  
earth again!

And none there is who hath the prophet's ken

By light and shadow on the floor

To read that life of smile and gloom,

Or see a prairie cabin door

Swing open to a nation's council room!



## THE DEAD LEADER

**A**LTHOUGH the March initial trumpets blew  
As heralding the victor tread of death,  
The people's love still battled for their prince —  
Their thrice-elected chief. And now his flag  
Is down to death's, but not dishonor's depth  
The Beacon city of the Pilgrim clime  
And all the steepled hilltops of the state,  
Light memory fires to him whose record blazed  
Throughout the gloominess of doubt and fear,  
A torch to welcome every honest bark,  
That sought, as once his own frail bark had  
sought,  
The shelter of the Massachusetts shore.

Burn, memory fires, for him! till by your light,  
The weakest sight may see! see how he pushed  
The backward-rolling stone of fate far up  
The rugged hill whose summit breezes kiss  
His eyes to sleep.

. . . . .

No faction set the stroke  
For this brave oar. He heard the beating heart  
Of common weal and to it kept his time,  
Unmindful of the noises on the bank.

. . . . .

Burn, memory fires, to him who ever kept,  
Amid the clatter of the street, his heart  
Attuned to every breeze that blew from out  
The templed groves of song. And on his brow,  
Where would, in ancient days, have been a crown,  
We might have placed the laurel's fadeless leaf;

For he hath felt, enraptured, sounds that thrill  
A blade, a flower, a poet and a star.

Burn, memory fires, for him, and in your heat  
Dry all the weepings o'er these crucial days  
Which some would call degenerate. Dispel  
The mists that make the better hour appear  
Immeasurably far, but leave us still  
Heirs to the unbought tear — that mellow fruit  
Of circling zone and season over all  
The globe; the globe that was, itself, a tear  
Dropped from the eye of some o'erflowing Love.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

**L**IVING, we loved his wildest note,  
As he soared with eagle wing;  
His vision purged of the selfish mote  
That blinds the meaner thing.

Never so high was his grandest flight  
But his vision swept the plain,  
And his cry came out of the darkest night  
And goaded the dullest brain,

Causing the indolent lucre-lord  
To shrink anon from the mart;  
But his bravest voice was a god-like word  
That struck to the people's heart.

. . . . .

Dead! and far from her whose breast  
Has nursed the brave and strong;  
But braver heart was never pressed  
To Erin's heart in her deep unrest  
Than his — brave child of song.

. . . . .

O Ship! that never will return!  
O bark sped out on the mystic sea!  
Oft shall we crowd to the harbor piers,  
Straining our eyes as we dry our tears  
To catch a glimpse of a spar from thee!

. . . . .

O Flower! blown from stem and thorn  
To field beyond our human ken;  
While Right is flower and Wrong is weed,  
Oft shall we seek for the magic seed  
Thy petals never hid from men!

## THE SAVIOR OF DREYFUS

**T**HE censor years may pile the dust  
Grave-deep upon your printed page,  
And kind Forgetfulness be just  
To friends' applause and critics' rage.

Time may not care if prose or rhyme  
You wrought upon the leaves of art;  
Yet never child of dusty Time  
Shall blur the pages of your heart.

No, never while 'tis Woman's lot,  
With moistened eyes and brain afire,  
To watch from palace, hall or cot,  
For child or sweetheart, spouse or sire.

No, never while the fettered Right  
Can clank a chain to make men start,  
Or Truth, eluding jealous Might,  
Can find a path from heart to heart.

## **BALLADS OF BOYHOOD**





## AMOS LEE

**T**HERE must be some alive to-day  
Who remember Amos Lee;  
Some who went to school with Amos,  
Some who went to school with me.  
We called him " Stretcher " Amos,  
For Amos was so tall,  
You could stand upon his shoulders,  
When he stood upon the wall,  
And pick the blushing apples  
From Abner Goodwin's tree,  
On the way to school with Amos,  
On the way to school with me.  
It may be some who read these lines  
Can recollect aright

How we saw the Morris Brothers  
    Give a show in town one night :  
We peeked in through the window  
    And saved our fifteen cents,  
For we stood on " Stretcher's " shoulders,  
    " Stretcher " standing on the fence.  
And never Henry Irving  
    Was half the sight to see,  
That you saw that night with Amos,  
    That you saw that night with me.

How often in my boyhood life —  
    That anarchistic time  
When the current of my feelings  
    Overflowed the banks of rhyme —  
I thought that God made Amos  
    To help the smaller boys

To a communistic portion  
Of the world's patrician toys.  
But neighbors who had orchards  
Protested they could see  
A Satanic streak in Amos,  
A Satanic streak in me.

And though they did predict for us  
Long repining in a cell,  
Amos Lee is now a teacher  
And the scholars love him well.  
For still his high ambition  
Is to help aspiring youth,  
Not to apples, but to knowledge  
From the lofty tree of truth.

And though no shining halo,  
Around his brow may be,  
There's a mighty change in Amos  
Since he went to school with me.

## THE BOYS OF DEWDALE

**P**ERHAPS the boys of Dewdale,  
My native place, were rough;  
I know some hostile critics  
Insisted they were tough.  
That censure, was, I think, unfair,  
Yes, very far from truth,  
And did a grave injustice  
To the cronies of my youth;—  
Companions o'er whose councils  
No bully could be king;  
The boys were rough in Dewdale,  
But they loved the flowers of spring.  
No dainty botanizers  
Along a river's brim,

The boys who lived in Dewdale  
    Could fight and skate and swim.  
Some few, alas! would say bad words,  
    When vexed by boyish broils,  
Yet risk their lives for lilies  
    In a mass of snaky coils.  
Their fairy queen was Nature,  
    And manly pluck their king;  
The boys were rough in Dewdale,  
    But they loved the flowers of spring.

A hero he in Dewdale,  
    Who, watching for the day,  
Brought home the first fair flower  
    Benignly kissed by May.  
O Joel Chase, I'd like to know,  
    If memory brings to you

One day we climbed the ledges,  
Where the honeysuckles grew.  
And how Zeb Sawin's treble  
Made hill and valley ring!  
The roughest boy in Dewdale,  
But he loved the flowers of spring.

As homeward with the flowers  
We trudged the village street,  
The red-cheeked girls of Dewdale  
Came forth their knights to meet.  
And Zeb, he said, his flowers all  
He'd give Luetta Bliss,  
Provided fair Luetta,  
In return, would give a kiss.  
At Zeb's audacious offer,  
We gave our jeers full swing;  
For Zeb he was no beauty,  
But he loved the flowers of spring.

A timid flower of Dewdale,  
Luetta hung her head,  
Replied, "I'll ask my mother,"  
And blushed an apple red.  
Unthinking, heartless lad I was,  
I laughed in Sawin's face,  
Which made Zeb so indignant,  
That he chased me from the place.  
I think, if Zeb had caught me,  
I ne'er had lived to sing,  
"The boys were rough in Dewdale,  
But they loved the flowers of spring."

O blushing buds of Dewdale,  
Soon after, Dewdale way  
Came Death to gather flowers  
To fill his big bouquet!



And Doctor Cleland's lanterned chaise  
Was going day and night  
To save the Dewdale blossoms  
From the Winter's chilling blight.  
'Round boyish hearts these blossoms  
On tendrils seemed to cling;  
The boys were rough in Dewdale,  
But they loved the flowers of spring.

O modest bud, Luetta!  
I think Zeb played a part  
Not one whit less important  
Than Doctor Cleland's art.  
For when your wearied mother slept  
Her meager hour or more,  
If Death came near your cottage,  
Zeb was hanging round the door.

No wonder, fair Luetta,  
You took our Zeb for king;  
Rough boys make tender husbands,  
If they love the flowers of spring.

## DAYS GONE BY

**T**HROUGH childhood's swiftest years  
We plucked the wayside flowers,  
Shook from the grass Night's tears  
In morning hours.

Along the river's brim  
We chased the butterfly,  
Or watched the minnows swim  
In days gone by.

And hand in hand to school  
We walked with book and slate;  
Too oft forgot the rule,  
And came too late.

And when we first met Love  
And listened to his sigh,  
We kissed the web he wove  
In days gone by.

Whate'er one saw or felt,  
The other felt or knew;  
To me your priest you knelt,  
And I to you.

And oh, how sweet to turn  
And stand as you and I  
Now stand, and silent yearn  
For days gone by!

How sweet to clasp the hands  
Which waves have kept apart,  
And know each understands  
The other's heart!

But oh, that o'er Life's sea,  
Like wild bird I might fly,  
And reach the shores with thee  
Of days gone by!

## THE BIG, OLD-FASHIONED CENT

I'D like to hold a hoard of gold  
Or bonds that could not shrink;  
I'd prize a block of copper stock  
Or sundry shares in zinc.  
But I admit, no lucky hit  
Could give the sweet content  
And the joy assured that a boy procured  
For a big, old-fashioned cent.  
  
Fair sums I've paid for booklets made  
Of satin, richly bound,  
And tomes of weight a higher rate  
Have cost me by the pound.  
For dainty fare and bonbons rare,  
Much money have I spent,

But they all are naught to the joy I bought  
For a big, old-fashioned cent.

O cherished spot, and unforgot,  
Where stood Len Shattuck's store!  
O smell of squill, clove, herb and pill,  
Dry-goods and hellebore!  
Beyond the years a form appears  
Above a counter, bent,  
And a kindly face as I tap the case  
With a big, old-fashioned cent.

Yet near or far, Joy's best goods are  
With threads of cotton crossed;  
And O the pain to heart and brain,  
Whene'er a coin I lost!  
With wounded pride and grief beside,  
I home to mother went,

To receive her kiss and the added bliss  
Of a big, old-fashioned cent.

When Death comes on, when power is gone  
To draw my lyric bow;  
And through the caves of gloom, the waves  
Of light no longer flow,  
Without a tear, approach my bier,  
Repress all praise well meant,  
And breathe no sighs, but close my eyes  
With the big, old-fashioned cent.





## FELLOWSHIP SONGS



## FELLOWSHIP

TO GENERAL TAYLOR

**P**OUR out the wine that never grew  
In bonds of grape or grain,  
And I will drink deep draughts with you  
Till all the planets wane:  
The priceless wine of fellowship,  
Unlisted in the mart,  
That keeps your name upon my lip,  
And image in my heart.

Drink of the magic wine,  
Goblet or flagon or stein;  
Then fight for your friend till the buffets  
and blows  
Are welcome as winds with petals of rose;  
And you stand like a man, facing death  
in your path!

True men were they who sowed the seed,  
And watered vine and shoot;  
Who bowed to earth and wrenched the weed  
That threatened sap and root.  
They guarded well the bloom and leaf,  
They baffled frost and blight;  
With song they gathered fruit and sheaf —  
We drink the wine to-night.

Drink of the magic wine,  
Goblet or flagon or stein;  
Then cherish your dream till the noise of  
the street  
Is rustle of corn and ripple of wheat;  
And the bubbles of wine hold the stars  
in your glass!

Pour out the throbbing wine to greet  
Our brother, friend and guest!  
A truer heart than his ne'er beat  
Within a human breast.  
How swift our flagging blood leaps up  
Beneath his eye's clear light,  
To make our hearts one loving cup  
To drink his health to-night!

Drink of the magic wine,  
Goblet or flagon or stein;  
Then fall to your work till your labors are  
joys  
As jocund as games or gambols of boys;  
For you know in your heart there's a  
man at your back!

Pour out the wine as sail we on  
Before the driving breeze,  
As sailed the men already gone  
Across the farthest seas:  
The magic wine of memory  
That turns the gloom to light,  
And leaves our absent brothers free  
To drink with us to-night.

Drink of the magic wine,  
Goblet or flagon or stein;  
Then sail far away till the walls of the  
world  
Are wafted aside and the planets are  
furled;  
And you stand face to face with your  
Dream at the last!

A. A. F.

**T**IME who always get his pay —  
Time the nimble, Time the thrifty —  
Time brings in his bill to-day;  
A. A. F. he owes him fifty.

Even so, the bill we'll take,  
And with Father Time to settle,  
Give such coin as hearts can make —  
Golden Friendship's precious metal.

Bring a bill for fifty more,  
Father Time, and we'll O. K. it;  
And besides we'll hand you o'er  
Orders on our hearts to pay it.



## TO THE GLOBE MAN

**W**HEN first I went to work for you in  
eighteen-eighty-four,

I used to climb three flights of stairs to reach the  
sanctum floor;

And, breathless with excitement, I used to sit me  
down

And write a thrilling article that should have  
“scooped” the town.

But the grim blue-pencil sages

Made incisions in my pages,

And cut the graceful mazes

Of my French and Latin phrases

And English that Macaulay wouldn't hesitate to  
sign;

Till instead of high position,  
And leading each edition,  
My article was published as a little local line!  
Those grim blue-pencil villains! how I thirsted for  
their gore,  
When first I went to work for you in eighteen-  
eighty-four!  
  
When first I went to work for you in eighteen-  
eighty-four,  
How many greetings then I heard that now are  
heard no more  
From men who thought and toiled for you through  
every doubt and fear  
And helped to make your countenance grow brighter  
every year;  
Helped to give your eye the twinkle  
That obliterates the wrinkle;

Helped to keep you cool and steady,  
With a brain that's ever ready  
To see the spot of greensward in the driest sands  
of life,  
And to look for joy, not sorrow,  
And believe one glad to-morrow  
Is certainly worth millions of yesterdays of strife.  
O such you were at twelve years old, and grown so  
more and more,  
Since first I went to work for you in eighteen-eighty-  
four.

When first I went to work for you in eighteen-  
eighty-four,  
Your years were just a dozen and a smaller suit you  
wore;  
But man and clothes kept moving, till enormous  
grown your girth,

At twenty-five you stand among the leaders of the  
earth;

Stand among the leaders  
Of the myriads of readers,  
And first in circulation

In this section of the nation —

The marvel of New England and the captain of  
her press.

You're a peach, and women bless you,  
A plum, and tots caress you,

And celebrate your wedding to the goddess of  
Success!

To honor, then, your wedding day, this lyric draught  
I pour —

So glad I went to work for you in eighteen-eighty-  
four.

C. H. T., JR.

UPON the Globe Man's Christmas tree  
The Jester hangs a verse for thee —  
Fantastic wreath of twig and brier  
Consign it to thy yule-log fire.  
And, while the etching flashes write  
Red poems in the book of Night,  
And chill December's breezes play  
On chimney pipe a song or lay  
Of summer joys on lake or bay,  
Forget the Jester's acrid rhymes,  
As through the poet's jangled chimes,  
'Mid music of the Christmas glee,  
You hear your friends speak thus of thee:

“His tongue is sharp,  
His arm is strong,  
His brain too cool  
To warm a wrong;  
And he whose glance can quickly see  
A wrong-font quad or damaged ‘e,’  
Who can free advertising spy  
If hidden in a line of pi,  
Is always first with word of cheer  
To wipe from Sorrow’s eye a tear,  
Is always first to lend a hand  
To lift a brother bruised or banned.”

## A SONG FOR CHRISTMAS

TO GENERAL TAYLOR

**F**ROM Summer thoughts in winter time,  
Enwound with fadeless faith in thee,  
I weave this little wreath of rhyme  
To hang upon thy Christmas tree;

A tree whose boughs are never bare  
Through all the wintry snows and rains,  
Whose sap leaps upward to the air  
In streams forever through its veins;

A tree dense-laden with the fruit  
That follows watching, day and night,  
Of blossom in the tender shoot  
Safe-guarded from the frost and blight;

A tree whose sturdy trunk and bough  
No breeze unfriendly ever bends;  
Yet all its limbs are bending now  
Beneath best wishes of thy friends;

In wildest storm it never veers,  
Nor at the wrenching whirlwind starts;  
Because 'tis seasoned by the years,  
And all its roots are in our hearts.





## A MAN TO A WOMAN



## A MAN TO A WOMAN

**I**F you should love me,  
I could bear  
All kinds of care,  
Could suffer pain,  
Endure disdain,  
And ne'er complain  
Of scorn from those above me,—  
If you should love me.

If you should love me,  
It would teach  
Me gentler speech,  
Soft tones instead of gruff,  
Smooth ways for rough —  
While grace enough

To touch your hand would glove me,—  
If you should love me.

If you should love me,  
I should know  
The use of woe,  
And why through fears  
And clouds and tears  
Alone, appears  
All light that shines above me,—  
If you should love me.

JE T'AIME

“**I** LOVE thee!” that was all he said.  
Was English, then, to blame  
That she should, blushing, hang her head,  
And answer him, “Je t’aime”?

“Of English speech, a bright red rose,”  
He said, “I give to thee;  
Thy foreign lily’s languid prose  
Lacks warmth, it seems to me.”

“Thy native rose is touched with frost,”  
She answered, with a sigh;  
“In English speech the ‘love’ is lost  
Between the ‘thee’ and ‘I.’”

“ In lovers' language, as 'tis taught  
Upon the other side,  
We never let a word or thought  
The 'I' from 'thee' divide.

“ ‘I thee,’ we say; we bring them close,  
Then follows ‘love’ aflame;  
‘I,’ barred from ‘thee’ would be morose,  
And so I say, ‘Je t’aime.’ ”

TO —

**O** COME what may,  
By night or day,

Begin or end

The roughest way,

I am your friend.

As I am thine,

O be thou mine!

And let us keep

From thorny steep

And choose the lanes

That lead to light

Away from night

And poppy pains —

The leafy aisles

And walks where smiles



The violet  
Through petals wet  
Not with tears of vain regret  
But with the dew  
That thrills it through  
With life anew!

O be to me the woodland flower  
    With dewy gem  
That, every hour,  
    Though on its stem  
In woods afar,  
I see it shine for me a star  
    By night  
    Or beacon bright  
Beyond the bay —  
A sun by day!

Begin or end  
The darkest way,  
It is my friend,  
As I am thine.  
O be thou mine!

## THE GIRL WHO WAITS ON ME

**S**HE comes through the swinging door,  
And her supple arms are filled  
From the landlord's choicest store  
Of juicy meats and sweets. See how her  
feet are skilled  
To tread without misstep, the crowded floor!  
She makes me think that thus Pomona, ere  
She yielded to her lover's fervid vows,—  
To rash Vertumnus crazed with frigid fare,—  
Appeared between the orchard's parted  
boughs.  
She comes with a brimming glass  
And I wish it might inclose  
Within its draught, a drop, alas!  
Of crimson youth that wells and warms and  
overflows  
Those cheeks not damask Hebe's could surpass!

Ah, then I'd drink as from a magic flask  
Till Age should flee before the ruby flush,  
As from Pomona's wooer fell the mask  
And all the garden ripened at her blush!

She comes, and an old man's eye,  
Like the lens of Phœbus' art,  
Feels a picture drawing nigh,  
Until Apollo's golden pencil on his heart  
Has sketched her in the framework of a sigh.

Dear girl, for him by whom these rhymes are  
strung,  
Bring with your food and drink at least a  
sup  
Of Hebe's luscious wine that keeps us young;  
But stumble not, like her, and break the cup!

## THE BEST LOVED

**I**'VE squandered golden youth on worthless  
wares,

And favors lost for want of truckling words;  
I've bartered solid joys for haunting cares;  
For croaking rhymes exchanged the song of  
birds.

And many ships I've seen put out to sea,  
Whose freight was lavish Love's rich mer-  
chandise.

Those ships have ne'er sailed home again to me,  
Their cargoes now of ruthless Time the prize.

Yet could I all my squandered days recall,  
Regain each joy, each hope that once were mine,  
For thy dear love I'd gladly give them all;  
Poor fee were life itself for love like thine!

## THE TWO SHIPS

**O**, the old ship has sailed, love,  
That brought us pain and pleas-  
ure;

O, the old ship has sailed, love,  
That brought us tears and treasure;  
She sailed away last night, love,  
Some other port to win;  
O, the old ship has sailed, love,  
But a new ship 's in.

O, the old ship has sailed, love,  
With wintry winds to waft her;  
She has sailed away forever  
With freight of grief and laughter.

O, closer, love, and fonder!

Don't mind what might have been;

O, the old ship has sailed, love,

But a new ship 's in.

O, the old ship has sailed, love,

I saw her making ready,

And heard the midnight chanty song

In solemn tones and steady.

Through tears I saw her leaving

With many friends and kin;

O, the old ship has sailed, love,

But a new ship 's in.

O, the old ship has sailed, love,

And left us still together,

To wait along the water front

With hearts of sunny weather;

To wait along the water front,  
A calm amid the din;  
O, the old ship has sailed, love,  
But a new ship 's in.

O, a new ship is in, love,  
I saw her when she glided  
In safety to her landing,  
By Perfect Pilot guided.  
Look forward, love, and hopeful,  
Don't mind what might have been.  
O, the old ship has sailed, love,  
But a new ship 's in.





# COLLEGE VERSES AND OTHER VERSES



## OUR MOTHER'S HOUSE

**M**AST and wheel are at her door,  
Short her paths to rail or street,  
Traffic's breakers 'round her roar,  
Dust of tombs is at her feet.

Vistaed elm and colonnade,  
Lawn or hilltop, grove or grot,  
Stream that glides through golden glade,  
Sylvan arbor, she hath not.

Yet, while crowds may pass her by,  
Tagging fame or chasing gold,  
From her windows you and I  
True Arcadian lands behold.

Underneath our mother's eaves,  
Care is brief and joy is long;  
In her little lane of leaves  
Builted I my nest of song.

Through her portal floats a breeze  
Sweet with scent of fruits and flowers —  
Apples of Hesperides,  
Bud and bloom of Tempe bowers.

On her altars, day and night,  
Kindles she her high desires,  
Giving all her sons a light  
Sacred as her vestal fires.

Giving all the gift to find  
Youth and beauty, truth and art,  
In the mirrors of the mind,  
In the highways of the heart.

Vistaed elm or colonnade,  
Lawn or valley, grove or grot,  
Stream that glides through golden glade,  
Sylvan arbor, she hath not.

Yet, if knolls or woodland dells  
Should entice her from the sea,  
Wheresoe'er my mother dwells  
Is my mother's house to me.

## THE CLOSED BOOK

**H**E loved the bards of tuneful lays,  
And often with some magic rhyme  
Brought back to me the olden time  
With all its wealth of golden days.

With Byron we beheld the blue  
And deep, dark ocean onward roll;  
And all the colors of the soul,  
In Shakespeare's mirror came to view.

Along the blooming banks of Ayr  
Or by the braes of bonny Doon,  
We heard the laverock's merry tune  
Or hoofs of Tam O'Shanter's mare.

Through Erin's emerald fields to lure  
The fairies from the haunted glen,  
We sported with the maids and men  
Whose loves were sung by Thomas Moore.

But fonder still each native scene!  
And home seemed never half so sweet  
As when I heard his lips repeat  
"Maud Muller" or "Evangeline."

But what is this? He's closed the book,  
And while sleep settles on his eyes,  
The echoes of his voice arise,  
Like murmurings of a distant brook.



## THE CHRISTMAS TREE

**I**N many lands, by many seas,  
To-day they are planting Christmas trees,  
Skies be dull, or skies be fair,  
Fields, white or green, they do not care,  
To-day they are planting everywhere.  
In town and country, hall and cot,  
On upland farm and corner lot,  
Grandsire, maid and tow-haired tot  
Plant with laughter, song and play,  
The tree whose fruit is ripe in a day.  
Oh, of all the fruit in the world, to me  
There is none like the fruit of the Christmas  
tree!

Its leaves are green as cress that grows  
In beds where the purling brooklet flows;  
Its buds are silver, pink, or white  
As apple blooms or snows at night,  
Or glinting stars in the frost-moon's light.  
Its blossoms are golden-hues and gleam  
Like lights reflected in a stream,  
Or golden treasure in a dream;  
Its fruit is of every tint and shape,  
Shaming the orange and plum and grape.  
Oh, of all the fruit in the world, to me  
There is none like the fruit of the Christmas  
tree!

If you should seek for seed or shoot  
From which to grow this wondrous fruit,  
The field and wood you'll search in vain,  
Nor find them on the hill or plain,

On river path or ocean lane,  
By any map or guide or chart,  
In country store or city mart,—  
You'll find them only in your heart;  
For every heart has seed or shoot  
From which to grow this wondrous fruit;  
Oh, of all the fruit in the world, to me  
There is none like the fruit of the Christmas  
tree!

## A LIFE'S STORY

**T**WO together and only two —  
One a soldier and one a maid;  
Every sky is heavenly blue,  
And all the dim forebodings fade.

Two together and only two —  
One a husband and one a wife,  
Ready to walk the wide world through,  
Heart and hand on the road of life.

Two together and only two —  
Fronting Fortune and braving fears —  
Two together and only two  
Above two little graves, in tears.

Two together and only two —

He a nation's chosen chief,

She a wife to follow through

The massive gates that lead to grief.

Two together and only two —

One to watch, with all love's wealth,

One to walk 'mid wilds of rue

To seek the pleasant paths of health.

Two together and only two —

Cannons boom and cities cheer,

Skies are bright and friends are true;

Who shall say that Death is near?

Two together and only two —

Joy seems sure forever more,

Yet the hand that millions drew

Of hearts, has opened Death's dark door.

Two together and only two —

While amid his own he stands,  
Death now breaks the circle through  
And grasps him with his vise-like hands.

Two together and only two —

Never death such loving parts,  
Loyal wife and husband true,  
For Love hath wed your hands and hearts.

Two together and only two —

Peoples pray that you may meet  
Where the dark skies change to blue,  
And all that's bitter turns to sweet.

## I LOVE

**I** LOVE the earth, I love the sky,  
I love to live, I hate to die;  
I also love the kind and true  
Nor slight the old friend for the new;  
To me such friendship has no end —  
When once a friend, always a friend.

I love the glorious summer morn,  
I love the fields of waving corn;  
And peace and love my bosom hold,  
When autumn turns the green to gold.  
In every frozen lake and rill  
A loveliness is dwelling still.  
I look below, around, above,  
And love that God whose smile is love.

## A BIRTHDAY

TO NIXON WATERMAN

**A**H, well that in a wintry hour  
The heart can sing a summer  
rhyme!

And well that after vine and flower  
Should come this soul of summer clime,

Whose laughter and whose songs arise  
Where April days and March winds part;  
The mirrored May is in his eyes  
And June forever in his heart.



## THE OLD CONDUCTOR AND THE NEW

**G**OOD-NIGHT, Old Year! You leave us here?  
Old Year, I'll ne'er forget your number!

The route we took, with curve and crook  
And jolting, left small time for slumber;  
Left small time for jests and tales —  
Once we almost quit the rails  
Without a word of warning.

Good-night, Old Year! Your trip ends here.  
To you, New Year, good morning!

The great clocks chime! On schedule time  
' You've reached, Old Year, your destination.  
How useless now my furrowed brow,  
My fretfulness and irritation! —

As if Old Time could not arrange

Time-table subject to no change!

Away with sigh and scorning!

Good-night, Old Year! You leave us here.

To you, New Year, good morning!

Steam, gong and bell, all chant farewell!

The old conductor now is leaving.

Some, made he glad, but others sad;

Yet all for loss of him are grieving,—

Grieving for the pleasures past,—

And for dreams that did not last,

And hopes our world adorning.

Good-night, Old Year! You leave us here.

To you, New Year, good morning!

O dreams adored! — with “All aboard!”

The new conductor stops my musing.

The engine breathes, its spiral wreaths  
Of vapor with the night-clouds fusing.  
So, melt away each vain regret!  
I know, Old Friend, I'll conquer yet,  
If I but heed your warning.  
Good-night, Old Year! You leave us here.  
To you, New Year, good morning!

## A PIECE OF LACE MADE BY HELEN

**I**S it the mimic grill-work of the frost,  
In play designed to bar the sun and moon,  
But presently to vanish in a swoon?  
Or can it be a flake of foam embossed  
By ocean beating on the rocks, and tossed  
In sport ashore? Perchance some rare shal-  
loon  
Spun by the mermaids, or a dreamland boon  
Which may be taken only to be lost.  
Yet no; this weave, eluding poet's skill,  
This fleece more prized than that by Jason  
sought,  
True counterpart of lattice petal-vined,  
Was but a shred of cotton-flower, until  
That shred the shuttle of her fingers caught  
And patterned it to beauty of her mind.

## THE GOLDEN ROSE

**R**ED rose, white rose, violet blue,  
Or deepest pink that blows,  
You are not the flower of fairest hue,  
You are not the Golden Rose!

Alas! our Rose is in a tower,  
And a dragon guards the keep.  
His name is Pain and from our flower,  
He tries to ward off sleep.

He frightens Sleep with blade and rack,  
With threat of bruise and maim;  
And when the dreamful night is black,  
He puffs out smoke and flame.

High revels often Pain doth keep,  
And smacks his cruel lips;  
Then in his dish our faithful Sleep  
A leaf of poppy slips.

Soon Poppy Leaf the dragon numbs,  
And while he's in a doze,  
Then Sleep, the ever faithful, comes  
To lovely Golden Rose.

But there are times Sleep can't get in  
To Golden Rose's bower;  
And then the dragon, Pain, doth grin  
At our dear golden-flower.

But Love is standing by her bed;  
He stands there night and day;  
He strokes our Golden Rose's head,  
And kisses tears away.

For Pain with cruel whip and knout,  
In tower that meets the stars,  
Can never, never keep Love out,  
However strong the bars.

Remain, O Love, her bed beside,  
Till every petal vein  
Shall feel again the healthful tide,  
As flowers feel the rain.

Then lead her forth, with pipe and flute,  
To song of brook and birds;  
To madrigal of lip and lute,  
And heart-song without words.

Red rose, white rose, violet blue,  
Or deepest pink that blows,  
You are not the flower of fairest hue,  
You are not the Golden Rose!

## NOVA ATALANTA VINDEK

I AM not a living picture  
Of a classical athlete,  
I have never made a touchdown nor a goal.  
My sporting blood, believe me,  
Would not burn at fever heat,  
If I chanced to put a golf ball in a hole.  
Yet when'er I read the story  
Of that foot race long ago,  
Which Hippomenes from Atalanta won,  
And realize the lady  
Did not get a decent show,  
Then I feel like making trouble with a gun.  
Atalanta being swifter,  
Could have left the man with ease  
A parasang or two behind her back;



But whene'er she tried to distance  
The sly Hippomenes,  
He would drop a golden apple on the track.

As the maiden, thus deluded,  
By a most unmanly trap,  
Paused and stooped to gather up the golden  
fruit,  
Hippomenes sped forward,  
Won the race by half a lap,  
Won the maiden and the gate receipts — the  
brute!

Such a very rank decision  
All true sporting men deplore;  
But old Time, best referee, may set it  
straight,

When teams of college maidens

Pay the Atalanta score,

And, moreover, wipe some others off the  
slate.

How I'd like to see the settling

Of that very old account!

See fair Wellesley make the Crimson heroes  
pale;

See Smith get square with Princeton

For a very large amount,

And see Vassar wipe a stadium with Yale!

But, suppose those dear young ladies

Played a Boston College team,

Then what feelings do you think I'd enter-  
tain?

Would not rude poetic justice

Then become a fleeting dream?

Is there any living man could stand the  
strain?

Would not flesh and blood be rebel,  
Also chivalry a myth,

If you saw your halfback battered by a girl?  
No man could keep from yelling,  
“ You have lost your side-combs, Smith! ”

Or, “ Say, Wellesley! say! your hair is out  
of curl! ”

Yes, 'twould be the same old story  
Of the Grecian maiden's fate;

Again would Atalanta have to yield.  
If she did not lose by trying  
To keep her hat on straight,  
Then we'd drop a box of candy on the field!

## BOSTON COLLEGE

**I** BRING the old days back — a crucial test —  
And twine with them the love thou didst  
bestow

On one whose battle with a stubborn foe,  
The world, has not dethroned thee from his breast.  
Queen school to me! not worldly scorn nor jest  
Shall ever exile thee. In weal or woe  
Of thee I sing — yet in an overflow  
Of words is lost thy song of all songs best;  
A song which heard in arid city street  
Should make the slave of dollars pause to hear  
The tongues of trees, the brooks with prattle  
sweet,  
And drink the air of fields. For doubt and fear  
Like plummy dreams in troubled sleep retreat,  
When sounds thy morning welcome, trumpet-clear.

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